plexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfit, and ſnow Eringoes; Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet heart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,
Leſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire;
He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aie
Cricket, to Windſore-chimnies ſhalt thou lea
Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to the
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes

Euan. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you
That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid
Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie,
Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie,
But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſid

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacre
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſc
With iuyce of Balme, and euery precious f
Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Cr
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſ
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it b
Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bendin
Fairies vſe Flowres for their characteries.
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.